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PHANTASIA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. JAMES HALL.



NEW-YORK :

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.

LONDON : PUTNAM'S AMERICAN AGENCY,

Removed from Paternoster Row, to

J. G. CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

1849.

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By GEORGE P. PUTNAM,

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LEAVITT, Trow & Co., Prs.,
49 Ann-street.

TO
LADY LYELL,
THE PRESENT LITTLE VOLUME OF POEMS,
SELECTED FROM MANY OTHERS,
THE PASTIME OF LEISURE HOURS,
Is Inscribed,
WITH SENTIMENTS OF SINCERE REGARD AND FRIENDSHIP,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PHANTASIA,	9

Miscellaneous Poems.

BEAUTY,	27
THE SUNSHINE IN THE CITY,	30
PRAYERS,	33
CHANGES,	37
THE LAND OF DREAMS,	41
ABSENCE,	43
MORNING,	46
STAR OF THE EVENTIDE,	48
INVOCATION,	51
THE GRAVES,	54
THE LOST,	56
VISION OF LIGHT DEPARTED,	60
THE MESSENGER BIRD,	64
THE MYRTLE MOUND,	67
BURY THE PAST,	69
A PARTING SONG,	71
WHEN IS SUMMER,	73

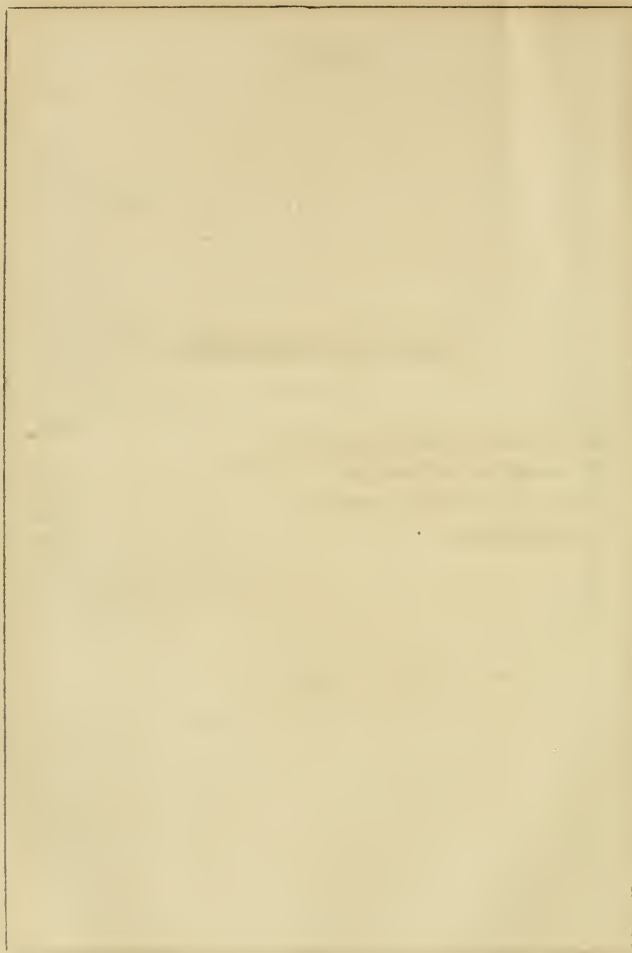
	PAGE
GIFTS,	76
CHRISTMAS TIMES,	78
THE GATHERING,	81
LA NUIT,	83
TOUJOURS,	85
MUSIC,	88
NEW YEAR,	91
THE STILL, SMALL VOICE,	94
THE DYING STRANGER,	96
TO A ROSE,	99
THE AMERICAN EAGLE,	101
ODE,	104
ODE,	108
POMPEY,	111
BRUTUS,	115
VOICES,	119
A HOME BY THE OCEAN SHORE,	121
SIR TOGGENBURG—A BALLAD,	123
NON OBLIVISCARIS,	127

Songs.

BY THE RED SUN GLEAMING,	133
COME BACK,	135
TONES OF DISTANT MUSIC BLENDING,	137
FAREWELL,	139
SOFTLY AS THE MOONBEAM,	141
LIFE'S EARLY DREAMS,	143

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
✓ THE AMERICAN EAGLE—(TITLE PAGE.)	
THE SUNSHINE IN THE CITY,	30 ✓
THE FUNERAL PILE OF POMPEY,	117 ✓
SIR TOGGENBURG,	123 ✓



PHANTASIA.



P R E L U D E .

TO —.

Dost thou not hear me, loved one — dost not thou,
As ever, listen to my earnest call?
Love's empire has no limits, may not now
Its power o'erpass time, absence, changes, all?
Love infinite — may not its voice be heard
Through the dim distance that between us lies?
Even now are echoes in thy bosom stirred,
Of tones, awakened under other skies,
Sending their breath of magic melodies,
In whispers from the wind-bowed forest trees,
In light, in flowers ; — all call thee to return,
Here, thy love's home and altar, here where burn
The star-lights of thy being, hither come,
Ere shades too darkly gather o'er thy lone left home!

Dimly and sadly are they gathering now,
And changeful phantasies before me rise,
As silently across the glittering brow
Of misty mountains,—shadowed by dark skies
As their cloud-tresses,—pass the lights along
Of Being's restless dreamings: still the scene
Is changed and all renewed;—around me throng
In shadowy presence, forms before unseen.
And music comes,—bewailingly and low,
Like echoes of some organ's distant strain,
Mournful and solemn,—and the music's flow
Resolves in words!—Oh come thou back again,
To disenchant the dream,—but listen thou
To the strange mood of hours all haunted now.

PHANTASIA.

FAR in the silence of the deep green wood,
Far on the waters' restless world away,
How rife has Nature filled her solitude
With beauty, in her Autumn's dim decay,
As in her Spring's fresh verdure ; — beautiful,
Though all unseen, the long, long summer day
Lights up the forest vistas, and the dull,
The unrevealing gloom of evening's ray
Blends all the tints and shadows ; while old Night
Spreads out his canopy of gems, each bright
With the effulgence of a world of light :
Filled with Divinity ! — untouched, untrod,
The wilds of Nature's beauty only breathe of God.

Oh beautiful as ever! — Scarce it seems
That time and changes, even like ages gone,
Have passed, since in my days of childhood dreams
I gazed on earth's green mantle ; by the morn,
And by such moonlit nights as this ; — with thrill
Of spirit-kindling rapture, that could fill
All forms of beauty with a breathing life,
Then wander forth and waste itself at will,
Mingling its being with the Being rife
In every ray. — The rose-tint air, the haze
Of glowing warmth in all the silvery light
That studs earth's green paths with its gem-like rays,
How does it bring me back unto my childhood days.

There is a magic that hearts weave in youth,
A something frail yet fair, and false yet dear ;
Nor would exchange the promise of its truth
For the realities that meet them here,
And live believing,—though a mockery,
The morning glory of an April day ;

And if that fairy land doth ever see

The fairest of its rose-tints fade away,

Yet Love and Fame unto the dream are given,

Robed in the rainbow light of careless joy,

And o'er the picture spread the hues of heaven,

That Winter snows of later years destroy,

In all their sunny glow, and nothing of alloy.

We tread that ground in other years, we dare

Its guarded steeps for glittering things which then

Rose o'er the soul like phantoms, to declare

That such were for the mighty grasp of men.

Then came, in masking guise, a band of fair

And rose-lipped sylphs, to call us to their train.

But wo, for now the heart that wins must wear

For ever and for evermore their chain.

Ne'er to the awakened thought return again

Those visions, as when first they passed us by,

Once only morning beams upon them, when

They flit in distance to the youthful eye,

For in our eager grasp we crush the butterfly.

We see the fairy palace, but the glare
Of the rude day is on it, all the light
Of torch-flash or of moonbeam, kindling there
A deep enchantment, lost before the bright,
Fierce glare of day, sadder than sunk in night.
For from the midnight gloom, some phantasy
Imagination kindles to the sight ;
The very storm-cloud, by the lightning traced,
And in its flash revealed, bears imagery
Of pile and battlement, and tower graced
By blazoned arms and banners floating free ;
But the tired spirit's wing droops powerlessly
In the hot breath of noon, from Thought's unquiet sea.

And the song falls not on the ear, as when
Its notes came floating o'er the distant lea,
And the hoar mountain cannot glow again
As beautiful as in morn's brilliancy ;
For the hot noon will wither up the flowers
And still the music of the early day,

Or evening gather there its sober hours,
And chill the sunbeams that around it play.
And youth sees not the future—but a bright
And sunlit veil before the spirit thrown,
All filled with fairy tales;—and gazing on
The intermingled folds of golden light,
It thinks it sees portrayed the future to its sight.

The path is onward to the steep ascent,
The path is upward o'er the mount of fame;
A magic light is with its summit blent,
A wreath, a crown, the glory of a name.
All beautiful—all vain!—Even from the first,
The sunlit dream of young existence, when
The spirit of a restless hope seemed nursed
To feed the fevered heart, and sleep again,
Till in the fiercer crowd, the rush of men,
It wakes once more, a strong and burning thought,
To drink the sparkling tide undreamed of then,
Till the glow passes from the wave it sought,
And hope, and tear, and pang, of long, long hours is nought!

There is another draught for after years,
When we have sipped the bubbles from the brim,
And through the misty gloom of shrouding tears
The sunlight grows upon the surface, dim ;
Waters of the deep fount that rises in
The darkness of life's desert, wild and rude,
The draught of knowledge, — amid wreck and sin
To bear Heaven's light unto the solitude.
Well may the wave be drank, for still beneath
It brightens as dark tempests o'er it rise ;
Well may the spirit seek the spray-wet wreath,
And claim the gushing fountain from the skies,
And drink, and deeply drink, for it has paid the price !

* * * *

Green fields, I leave you, — for the cares of dust
Oppress my spirit, ever fain anew
To spring to freedom, and love's holy trust,
Beneath this blessed influence. Soft the dew
Loads every grass-blade with its pearly star,
And the night shade that dims the forest, shows

New vistas where light lingers longest, far
 Within the bosom of its deep repose.
And see, the gentle blue-eyed grass-flowers close
Their heavy lids, and from the forest tree
The leaves droop down in sleep,—save drowsily
 Some lonely warble wakens, all have rest,—
And peace, that comes to all, shuns it a human breast?

There swell the tides of Being, chafe and roll
 The waters of the spirit's restless life ;
With the lone yearnings of the prisoned soul,
 With the dim visions of its home-land rife.
Well were it, if the sleep of evening brought
 The quiet of the hour, to soothe and bless ;
Well were it, if the rushing waves of thought
 Received one ray the more, one shade the less,
From Nature's peaceful beauty ;—but in vain,—
 Her aspect wakens but the more each dream,
Each aspiration, and reveals the chain
 That weighs around our being, till we deem
Men creatures of the clod, as the most earthly seem.

And in the mirror of her placid hours,
 Revealing changes of a summer day,
We gaze, and start to find amid the flowers
 The gloom we deemed their light would chase away.
How swell within the fountains of the breast
 The bitter tear-drops, as the visions rise
 Of loved and lost,— how vainly idolize
Our hearts the dreams departed!— These should rest
 For ever underneath their burial shroud,
Nor haunt the dreamer with their shadows more ;
 But every tint on summer evening cloud,
And every ripple on the wave-washed shore,
Recall the bloom and freshness of the hours of yore.

And from the Past, that mirror wave rolls on
 Unto the Present ; and we sigh to see
How cares can clog the spirit, how the dun
 And dusky hues of earth, o'erspread the free,
Full gush of young life, robed by phantasy
 In glorious and many-colored light.

And more—how even the heart's Reality,
The dream that is not fiction, the warm, bright,
Pure blessedness of Love, whose heaven-born right
Should make it free,—how even Love droops down
Its azure wing, chilled with the murky night,
Oppressed with weariness, and careworn grown,
In strivings for low wants and wishes not its own!

This is life's bitterest portion,—thus to mark
How the free heart is shadowed day by day,
How lost its early music, as the bark
On life's dimmed tide floats silently away :
How the quick chords of sense, whose graceful play
The slightest breath could waken, symphonies
Of Memnon's harp beneath morn's glancing ray,
How things that life adorn, etherealize,
Give place to sterner thoughts, to toil and care.
And *none go back*—if they have passed that bound—
Unto the early freedom;—much to dare,
And much to win remains, but ever found
Unwreathed with the fresh bloom of that enchanted ground.

Yes, none go back! If weariness and fear
Have rested on the spirit, *there* is still,
And still for aye the impress;—if the sere,
Pale gift of wasted love, whose sweets could fill
The atmosphere of being, and o'erspread
All earth with glowing beauty, has been placed
Upon the bier of hopes too early dead,
There rests the shadow ever uneffaced.
If life has known the mourner's watchfulness,
There dwells the mourner's watching spirit still,
In fearfulness and trembling, with the excess
Of anxious thoughts life's lighter hours to fill,
With phantoms from the Past—sad auguries of ill.

High over fortune sits the Soul supreme,
Holding within its powers perpetual youth.
Look to the sacred stars of night, that beam
A wilderness of shining dust, a theme
Infinite to express eternal Truth;
Then say, if as the stars high thought shall be

All-ruling, all-directing, Deity,

O'er the vain phantoms of life's changeful dream.

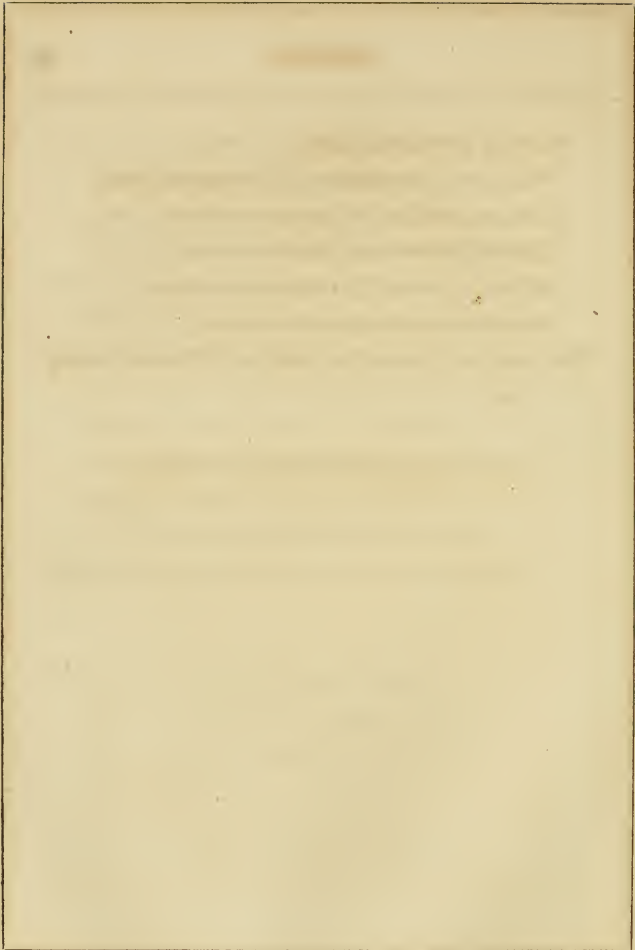
Oh, strong should be the purpose not to lose

Our holy freedom from the cares of dust ;

And firm, to bid the Mind triumphant choose

Its place in love omnipotent, and trust

That bends not, shrinks not, gathers not the soil of earthly
rust !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



BEAUTY.

DREAM of the beautiful!

Still o'er the bosom comes a thought of thee,
When every spirit chord is breathing full
Of music's mastery ;
And from the fabled tree
Of feeling Fancy seeks her flowers to cull.

Still dost thou rise

Upon the balmy breath of spring-time air,
And when the wild bird's carol meets the skies,
Then art thou there ;
And from earth's bosom fair
A low sound comes, a whisper of its mysteries.

A breath, a thought,
A dim revealing of the far unseen ;
A shadowy gleam to fade again in nought,
And be, what it has been,
Nameless the heart's depths in,
Form for a moment seen, and vanishing when sought.

One ray more deeply bright,
Mid thousands resting on the brow of day ;
That brings a clearer vision to the sight,
Of the hid far away ;
Gleams o'er the waters' play,
Perchance the glancing of a spirit's wing of light.

Thou fillest the breathing sea,
Thou comest when summer sleeps upon the plain,
Tinting the clouds of evening gloriously ;
Thou meetest the heart again
Mid winter snows and rain,
We know not what thou art, nor where, nor when to be .

Light o'er the pall,
And things to speak of life,
When all that bids them mourn has seen decay,
Like things of earth, or passed in light away
Like a pure spirit with glory rife,
Yet shed upon the dreaming heart, bloom from Love's
coronal.

THE SUNSHINE IN THE CITY.

THE sunshine in the city!

How it glares along the street,

From the red brick wall cast fiercely down

Beneath the passers' feet ;

And the passers trample it heedlessly,

Nor think of the wasted ray

That might bid the buried flower revive,

And the earth-chained fountain play.

The sunshine in the city!

How the heavy curtain's fold

Gathers its wealth of beauty

To shut out that wealth untold!



David J. Parker del. et sculp.

THE SUNSHINE IN THE CITY

The Sunshine in the City
How it glances upon the street

London

For its bland and gentle power is changed
To a red and sullen glow,
And the fiery pavement sends it back
Thrice hot from its forge below.

The sunshine in the country !
How life springs in every beam,
The glad young flowerets greet it,
Beside the rippling stream ;
And the waves of the rippling stream spring up
To meet the golden ray,
That decks the green of its verdant banks,
And lightens its joyous way.

The little forest warblers
Breathe their music wild and free,
When the golden sunshine lingers
Upon their home-nest tree.
And the melodies that slumbered still
While clouds o'erspread the sky,
Burst forth triumphantly, and fill
The echo vaults on high.

The sunshine bright and blessed,
How it fills the heart with light,
In its gladdening and reviving,
In its soothingness of might ;
And it overspreads the spirit
As it tints the cloud of even,
With its wand-like touch of beauty,
Robing both in hues of heaven.

PRAYERS.

THOU to yon altar wending,
With feeble steps and slow,
Is life's long memory to thy soul
But weariness and woe?

Does thought go back to shadows
Through that dim vista seen,
As birds still haunt the desolate nest
Where the spoiler's hand has been?

The snow of life's chill winter
Is on thy bended brow,
And thine eye is dim and shadowed
With its misty darkness now.

Thou lookest from yon still sleepers,
To the heaven that hides the blest,—
What dost thou pray for, pilgrim ?
“I pray for rest!”

Thou, by yon altar kneeling
With clear and dreamy brow,
Whereon, as feeling's mirror, seems
Its deep and noiseless flow,—

There is a speaking earnestness
In thine eye's dark-blue heaven ;
Child of deep heart, has earth for thee
A gift that is not given ?

“Oh, life is to my spirit
A torrent wild and deep,
And my heart is worn and wearied
With its swift and ceaseless sweep.

I have drank the cup of woe and weal
The bitterest and the best,
To the weary, joy is weariness, —
I pray for rest !”

Thou of proud brow and dauntless
In the crowd and the array,
Who art kneeling like a humble child
Before the shrine to-day, —

Methinks *thy* dreamed-of heaven
Must be where the high stars glow,
To see what Science taught thee not
In her mystic book below.

Dost thou feel thy toil is fruitless
The prison bars to burst,
And sigh for the waves of a far-off fount
To feed thy lip's hot thirst ?

Yet Nature's hidden wonders
Came forth at thy behest ;
What dost thou pray for, searcher ?
" I pray for rest !

" Rest from the weary watching,
Rest from the pain and strife,
And the thousand toils that waste away
The spirit's purer life :

" While thought's divine aspirings
Earth's sordid cares infest,
Fettered, yet struggling onward,—
I pray for rest !"

CHANGES.

HE turned him from the hurrying throng,
And the gray worn paths of men,
For the tones of a remembered song
Brought back past hours again.

And in his childhood's early home
He sought the scenes of yore,
The woodland paths he loved to roam,
The streamlet's grassy shore ;

The sunshine on the garden walls,
Was it more cold and dim ?
The oak-trees by the stately halls, —
How changed were all to him !

The green old trees were trellised round
With blooming, creeping things,
And tiny pavements marked the ground
With their fantastic rings.

'T is well—he could not meet again
Those sweet scenes as they were,
He could not see the flowers as when
Their breath was on the air.

For change is on life's spring-green field,
Change on its sparkling tide,
Some flowers lie crushed, and some concealed
By the wintry frosts of pride.

And well it is, Oh childhood home,
Thou lookest in mockery
Of the stern heart that dares to come
So deeply changed to thee!

Fit emblem thou, in bitter mood
The musing spirit said,
Of those who scorn the solitude
Of Nature's shine and shade.

The bounding tides of the youthful heart
Repressed to flow no more,
And the soul's fresh flowerets trained by art,
Till half their charms are o'er.

The wealth of early feeling's glow
Taught in hid depths to be,
And o'er the whole a splendid show
Of pride and pageantry.

Fit emblem of the heart that nurst
Beneath that glowing sky,
From the sweet thrall too early burst,
The fairy world to try.

Sunlight upon a crown of pride,
Gems in the wreath of mirth,
And all whose gifts can gild or hide
The weariness of earth ;

Still be they thine, for there is nought
But this for the bosom left,
Who the priceless gems of holy thought
From their spirit cave has reft,

And thrown them in the paths of men,
In beauty frail as erst,
And deemed their light would shine again,
Unsullied as at first.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

I MEET thee in the spirit land
Of many a pleasant dream,
When the summer moon shines cheerily
On memory's placid stream ;
And all is beautifully bright
In fancy's world afar,
Lit by the clear and blessed light
Of joy's own guiding star.

I meet thee when that world is dim
With darksome clouds of woe,
And the harp-tones of the spirit's hymn
Breathe mournfully and low ;

Oh, beautiful—when shadowed even
With weariness and pain,
For, ever 'neath its fairy heaven,
Thou dost return again.

And thus in joy and woe to meet,
Where'er our wanderings be,—
Is not the world of dreams as sweet
And dear a world to thee?
Earth has no power to sadden there,
Change has no power to blight,
Oh, vainly pass the shades of care
Across that world of light!

ABSENCE.

How glows in my awakened heart,
 The morning of thy presence, love !
How coldly when its beams depart,
 The dreary shadows rest above ;
Until returning with the light
 That fills my soul when thou art near,
Again I greet the dawning bright,
 As the dark visions disappear.

I seek each old, accustomed scene,
 I tread the paths I trod with thee,
And dreams of hours that have been
 Fill every thought of memory ;

The moon is beaming soft and sweet,
The dew-wet leaves like diamonds glow,
The flowers are blooming at my feet,
The same — yet changed and saddened now.

It was not thus in other hours,
When life was in its spring-time bloom,
Ere Love entwined his mystic flowers
In more of light and more of gloom ;
And wreathed them for the spirit's fane,
Erewhile the place of careless glee,
And changed its carol to the strain
Of more triumphant harmony ; —

And changed the lights that beamed from far,
And dim, its shadowy path above,
To the high glory of the star
That rules the spirit-birth of Love.
And in the light o'er earth and air,
Where only Joy his language read,
A glow of warmer life was there,
A deeper tenderness was spread.

How new the world that feeling brought,
 To mingle wealth with fancy's store ;
How every poet-dream was fraught
 With vividness unknown before.
All bright the earth and heaven above,
 While yet untried the pathway lay,
First glowing in the dawn of Love,
 The dawn that waked to glorious day.

Still with thy flower-gift and the spring,
 Returns again the olden time,
When life was like that rosy thing,
 And blooming in its morning prime.
So keep the heart's life fresh forever,
 The glory of the early day ;
And the flowers the true heart shelters, never
 In life's chill winter fade away.

MORNING.

I HEAR the booming morning gun
Proclaim the reign of darkness done ;
I see the gleaming morning light
Tremble across the shades of night ;
And faint and dim, each kingly star
Is shining from its sphere afar,
All, save the regal Sirius,
Fade in the gray of dawning thus.

My spirit feels the shades pass by,
It feels the breath of morning nigh ;
It wakens from its watching sleep,
Long ere the shadows backward creep,

And springs amid the stars to see
The first returning radiancy,
To wait and catch the coming glow,
Long ere it gilds the world below.

It is the hour, how beautiful!
Stolen from the reign of slumber dull,
It is the hour when we have strayed
Together through the Arcadian shade,
And by the midnight lamp retrimmed,
Our goblet at the fountain brimmed,
We quaffed the waters, bright and free,
Of divine Philosophy.

Sweet hour of summer music's birth,
Low sounding o'er the silent earth!
The gathered dew-drop falling free,
The leaf's up-springing canopy,
While one by one, the birds appear,
With low-hushed trill, as if they fear
To break with songs too loud and gay,
The slumbers of the awakening day.

STAR OF THE EVENTIDE.

STAR of the eventide!

That o'er the western sky dost pour thy ray,
Most gloriously, while not a star beside
Shines on the yet unveiled brow of day.

That brow whose diadem
Is its own glory, whose effulgence bright
Rejects the offering of each pale star gem.
Inwoven in the mystic crown of night.

Star, that hast seen the bliss
Of blessed meetings, underneath thy beam,
When long sad partings past, and weariness,
And absence, were as a forgotten dream.

Star, that hast seen the woe
Of the first lonely evening of the heart,
When each remembered strain of long ago
Swelled with the echoed tones,—to part—to part!

Star of the eventide!
That burn'st aye brighter in the darkling west;
So from the sad hours that our hearts divide,
Kindle love's faith and trust, more strong and blest.

Bear me my thoughts afar,
That with the far-off dew-mist they may fall,
And whisper to one heart, that yon loved Star
Yet chronicles our treasured memories all.

And from the buried past,
As from a lone and consecrated tomb,
Rises a solemn joy, whose light is cast
Unchanging still upon the shrouding gloom.

A ray that ever shines,
Even like yon evening Star we hail to-night ;
The joy of joy remembered ;—life enshrines
No purer bliss than Love's remembered light.

INVOCATION.

“COME to the trysting, come!

The night is cold and drear,
The stars shine dim from their shrouded home,
Bring me sweet morning here.

The morning and the summer's smile
Are in thy presence rife,
Though the breath of the wintry wind the while
Breathe chill o'er the tide of life!”

The cold night passed and the icy morn,
And sunbeams waked the flowers of spring,
And incense gifts on the light breeze borne
Rose from their gay enamelling.

And still it sounded low,
That sad imploring strain,
The prayer that passed where the flower scents go,
To ne'er return again.

“Come to the trysting, here!
The glorious moon is high,
The stars are burning warm and clear
Within the vaulted sky,
But the breath of flowers is breathed in vain,
All heavily and drear,
And the starlight loads my heart with pain,
Thou dost not meet me here!”

Spring's glories from the earth are gone,
The rosy flowers lie crushed and dead,
The song has ceased in forest lone,
The summer minstrels all are fled ;
List—for the wailing cry,
List—for the sorrowing moan,
Seeks it, in yonder blessed sky
Love's blossom, lost and gone?

“Come to the trysting, now!

Love's voice is not in vain,

If earth yet holds thy being, thou!

Come to my heart again.

No more,—and from the stars above,

I hear *thy* summons now,

It calls me by our changeless love,

‘Come to the trysting, thou!’”

THE GRAVES.

“As I sat by the graves in the warm and pleasant sunlight, a cricket was springing from leaf to leaf, and chirping his half glad, half melancholy notes.”

ANON.

THOU dweller by the grassy tomb,
How is the sunshine blest,
That brings its gifts of life and bloom
Around thy place of rest!

And makes for thee an Eden spot,
A garden wild and sweet,
Here where the gay step pauses not
Of pleasure's lightsome feet.

The summer airs their odors send
O'er the enchanted ground,
While the boughs of the tiny forest bend
Beneath thy joyous bound.

And richly dowered thy home amid
Its wilderness of green,
The treasured wealth of hearts lies hid
Within that verdant screen ;—

The love aye strongest in the might
Of the fierce grasp of death,
The woe whose cry could stay the flight
Of the departing breath,—

The hope all powerless to save,—
These are thy treasures now :
Thou dweller by the grassy grave,
Would I could be as thou !

THE LOST.

THOU angel one! Oh could there be
The hope to meet thee yet,
Could love through bitter tear-drops see
Its star of anguish set,—

That looming star of evil seen
O'er every haunted spot,
The memory—that thou hast been,
The sense—that thou art not!

Could love in distant, distant years,
One frail, faint line discern,
That through the shrouding mist of tears
Thou would'st one hour return,—

One hour to bless thy long left home,
One hour to meet my sight,
How vain would even these shadows come
Around my soul to-night!

But nevermore—the eye to bless,
The smile like sunshine shed,—
Oh God! the utter hopelessness
That dwells around the dead!

That NEVERMORE!—all life's long hours,
All changes counted o'er,
They pass, but for Love's perished flowers
Spring wakens nevermore!

Again I see the placid brow,
And feel the light, warm breath,
Again I see thee pale and low
Beneath the pall of death.

And every hour that rolled between,
 Bearing my life with thee,
I live again each changing scene
 Of changeless agony.

And how within my bosom stir
 The sounds that came that even,
When the little spirit messenger
 Came down to thee from Heaven!

Oh, when that little bird came near,
 Did'st thou, my angel, see,—
Thy spirit, half enfranchised, hear
 The summons sent for thee?

Aye to Love's thirsting weariness
 That memory comes like rain,
To say what golden mornings bless
 Thy afternight of pain;

And mind me of the land of bloom
Where thou art dwelling now,
And Love unlost will reassume
The treasures won below !

VISION OF LIGHT DEPARTED.

VISION of light departed!
Of glory seen and gone!
The noble and the beautiful,
The day-star lost at dawn!

How cold the earth and shadowed,
By an angel presence fled,
And the glorious beauty of thy brow
In the grave's lone darkness laid!

Alas! for the weary watching,
Alas! for the care and pain,
For the hopes departing one by one
To ne'er return again.

Alas! for the fading glory
That sat on thy angel-brow,—
No spirit of Love's dream could be
More beautiful than thou!

Alas! for the burning anguish
Of hours ere life was o'er,
Yet bliss it were to the dreary hush
Of woe that hopes no more!

The waves of the storm-tide sinking
To a heavy, sullen flow,
And the cold, gray daylight shining out
On the scattered wrecks below.

Better were night and darkness,
Better were storm and strife,
Than the calm of the breaking morn that shows
So drear a waste in life.

Silence is all around me,
Like a City of the Dead,
But still I seek thy joyous gaze,
I list thy coming tread ;

I see thee through the shadows
In each old accustomed spot,
I clasp thee to my heart again,—
Alas ! but thou art not !

Still watching for thy coming,
By the threshold long untrod,
Still waiting for an angel-guest
Gone to his home with God !

Alas, for light and sunshine,
Alas, for storm and rain,
Each beautiful change that brought thee joy,
How it brings thee here again !

And thou art gone, oh angel,
To thy home of spirit birth,
Joy for thee mid heaven's light and flowers,
Woe for our hearts on earth.

Until when Earth's dim shadows
Lie lengthening o'er the tomb,
We meet thee, as we have lost thee now,
Blest in thy home of bloom!

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

“ The bird that oft
Comes to attest God’s message, when he calls
A glorious angel home—a beauteous child.”

ANCIENT POEM.

Oh, wondrous little messenger!
Where art thou resting now,
With the golden glory of thy wings,
And the crown upon thy brow!

With thine eye of deep intelligence,
Thy bright and mournful eye,
Gazing perchance through vistas far
In the depth of thy own blue sky.—

With thy song's surpassing melody,
Wild, spiritual, clear,
Thrilling across the listener's sense,
Chaining the heart to hear;

Breathing the full, triumphant swell
Of music's soul of song,
Pouring the choral of thy strain
Like echoed tones along!

Hast thou found the home that erst thou left,
Familiar haunts and dear?
Who welcomed thee back, oh bird beloved,
From thy resting and welcome here?

None saw thee wandering hither,
Thou bird of errand high;
None saw thee as departing hence
Thou fittest in silence by.

At noon thy song triumphant
 Thrilled through the hearts of men,
It ceased one listening moment,
 And was never heard again.

Oh wondrous little messenger!
 Whence did'st thou, wandering, come?
Beating thy wings for entrance here,
 For a welcome and a home—

Oh whence—oh whither—Beautiful,
 Where rest thy wings of down?
Thou, with thy song of music's might,
 Thou, with thy golden crown!

THE MYRTLE MOUND.

THERE is a little myrtle mound,
 Its image haunts me night and day,
I see its dark leaves trail around,
 Untouched by Autumn's drear decay.

It seems a little verdant bed
 For spirit voyager to rest,
To fold the wing and lay the head,
 As in the gardens of the blest.

And surely blessed is the place,
 O'ershadowing aught so blest and dear,
And changing time may not efface
 The traces of its presence here.

Still Autumn's shadows bring no blight
 Upon the dark leaves trailing round,
And ever dwells in memory's light,
 The greenness of that myrtle mound.

BURY THE PAST.

Bury the past—there are breaking hearts yonder,
And spirits all shadowed with anguish and gloom,
Life's hours are too few and too fleeting to wander,
Listless and sad, through the shades of the tomb.

Bury the past—for remembrance of sorrow,
Oh, the strength for life's conflict it withers away,
Time will bring darkness too surely to borrow
Clouds from yestreen to o'ershadow to-day.

Not that all lightly we cast from our bosoms
The heavenly flowers that bloomed there awhile,
Withered and faded, we love those pale blossoms
More than when warmed in the Spring's rosy smile.

But deep in our hearts be an altar of glory
Reared for those relics, all hallowed and fair,
Quenchless its light as the Eld lamps of story,
And still as unseen in its loneliness there.

Close be the veil of the temple before it,
There alone may we enter in silence and love,
Not while the world's busy daytime shines o'er it,
But when night's starry watchers gaze down from above.

Bury the past — o'er life's ocean-waste steering,
There's a haven to seek through the gloom of the night,
Where the flowers departed, at last re-appearing,
We may greet them all robed in their earliest light.

A PARTING SONG.

ONE song—and if the last,
Still one, ere to the spirit-land I come.
A pledge unto the future and the past,
Here, where love lingers,—there, where hope has found
its home.

How linked my thoughts with life,
How clings my heart to all its treasures here,
From pain and death and parting, and the strife
Of anguish,—as if love in love had naught to fear.

How changed the dim abode
That once seemed rest from weariness and care,—
How strewn with bitterness the downward road
That Death's strong portals shut from upper light and air!

If human thought could but o'erpass the woe,
 The darkness of the intermediate scene ;
If loved and loving could together go,
 Nor one be left alone where both have been ;

Then would the rainbow light
 Of beauty and of joy enrobe the tomb,
Then would Death's coming be the moonlit night,
 All dewy fresh,—sweet with young flowerets' bloom,

Winning to sleep like music's gentle sound ;
 Oh if earth held one dearest boon for me,
'T would be to spare the ties too strongly bound,
 And bear them still unrent, unto Eternity !

WHEN IS SUMMER.

WHEN, oh when is rosy summer?
When the heart is in its prime,
When all life is fair and blessed,
Then is rosy summer time.
When the days beam bright above
Hearts untouched by pain or care,
And the mingling streams of love
Never gloomy shadows wear.

When, oh when is rosy summer?
When Love's flower-breath fills the air,
And a sense, albeit in dreaming,
That no change can meet us *there*;

Then though Borean snows are round us,
 Though the winds howl loud and shrill,
Summer's magic spell has bound us,
 And the heart can know no chill.

When, oh when is dreary winter ?
 When life darkens ray by ray,
And in loneliness and anguish
 We have watched it waste away.
When the glory has departed
 That o'erfilled the earth with bloom,
And we linger, weary-hearted,
 In the shadows of the tomb.

When we leave the ground enchanted,
 And the cloud-peaks where we roved,
Bearing still our heart's home haunted
 By the shades of lost and loved ;
Bearing still the idol broken,
 In its closed and guarded fane,
Echoing with the words once spoken,
 That we ne'er may hear again.

When, oh when is dreary winter ?
When upon the shore we've stood,
And beheld the under-current
Of life's dark and stormy flood.
Then, though bloom is spread before us,
As the rosy seasons roll,
Winter's iron chain is o'er us,
And the ice is in our soul.

GIFTS.

To thee—while the dark moments bring
The death-hour of the parting year,
And shadows of its weary wing
Are resting on my spirit here :

A something blent of hope and care,
A mingling strange of joy and gloom,
The chequered light of hours that were,
Gathering around the hours to come.

To thee—my spirit's faith is given,
Through changes of life's changeful day,
The sunshine of its summer heaven,
And clouds that dim its cold decay.

Within my spirit's depths a light
Is ever burning warm and clear,
And music meets the lone midnight,
And flowerets deck the dying year ;—

Ever a spell to speak to thee,
From being's lone and haunted shrine,
The light, the flower, the melody,
My spirit sends—a gift to thine!

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

GATHER around, beloved ones,
Gather warm heart by heart,
For it comes, it comes on the breath of time,
The dreary word—depart!

Not together, beloved ones,
Not mingling heart and breath,
The doom were sweet to bid us be
Together in life and death.

But coldly, slowly, one by one
Must leave the little band,
And one by one must tread alone
The fearful spirit land.

And one by one from the hearth-fire's glow,
When joyous hearts beat high,
And from the gleesome laugh must go,
And lay them down to die!

And the merry hearth-fire's glow will chill,
And gloom o'er the mirth be borne,
And a voice amid the song be still,
And a form from the circle gone.

Is it not thus, beloved ones—
Was it not thus ere now,
That the dreary wing of Time has swept
Fair blossoms from the bough?

It comes, it may not be in vain
That wing is sweeping on,
And hearts may mourn, ere it pass again,
Another floweret gone.

Gather around, beloved ones,
 The closer for the doom,
Gather with hearts that mock the power
 Of the enshrouding tomb :

With holy truth that ill to be,
 Nor gloom nor joys estrange,
With fervent hearts whose constancy
 Has power o'er time and change.

Gather around, beloved ones,
 Gather warm heart by heart,
For it comes, it comes on the breath of time,
 The dreary word—depart !

THE GATHERING.

YE have gathered round, beloved ones,
The few that linger yet,
The fervent hearts of other days
At our old hearth-stone have met.

Not all, not all, beloved ones,
That came to its glow before ;—
How is our path unlighted
By the eyes we see no more !

Burns that home-fire more dimly,
For them, the loved ones ;—
Is the cadence of our song more sad
Than its remembered tone ?

Does joy a mournful echo learn,
And our burdened hearts o'erflow,
As the shadows of the loved return
Who were the first to go?

Hurriedly, changefully, days and hours
Have passed since last we met,
And our treasures mingle perished flowers
With those that are blooming yet.

Perished from earth, yet living,
Untouched by Time's decay,
Thus are they meeting with us,—
Ne'er passed their love away!

And gathering here, beloved ones,
From our parted paths we come,
With the changeless love of other days
We have met in our early home.

LA NUIT.

“ Je pense à vous ! ”

THE midnight skies their shades have thrown
O'er many a sleeping brow,
And the starry eyes of heaven alone
Are on my vigil now ;

And every sigh is echoless,
Save by the moaning sea ;
And from its midnight loneliness,
My spirit turns to thee !

I think of thee,—but not when day
Its thousand gifts has brought,
To bid the lights of beauty play
Along the waste of thought ;

Nor when the voice of careless glee
Is swelling from the throng,
And laugh and song float cheerily
The summer air along.

It would be sacrilege to move
The fountains of the heart,
And call the spirit-dreams of love
Ere day's fierce light depart.

My heart is like a prisoned thing,
The long day shut from thee ;
But midnight breaks the fettering,
And gives thee all to me !

TOUJOURS.

“ Je pense à vous ! ”

In other days, when love was nought
Save Fancy's vainest dream to me,
The shadow that my spirit sought,
Was all that I have found in thee.

And thou, unknown, unseen, wert yet
The idol of my musing mood,
When forms of spirit beauty met
The visions of my solitude.

And then I sang :— when midnight's brow
Bends o'er the earth, I think of thee ;
The daylight has too fierce a glow
For Love's all holy dreams to be.

But morning now, and noon and even,
 Hold spells that bind my soul to thine,
And feeling owns a charmed heaven,
 O'er all life's common hours to shine.

Love has its own enchantment spread
 O'er day, as o'er the gloom of night,
And every scene is hallowed
 By Love's own gifts of bloom and light.

'Tis not the sunset's blush alone
 That fills the earth with magic glow,
'Tis not the veil of moonlight thrown
 Upon the evening's star-crowned brow ;—

All scenes are fair that speak of thee,
 All hours some treasured memory keep ;
Love gives more to reality,
 Than Fancy to the dreams of sleep.

And springing and decaying flower,
Shades that o'er Nature's beauty move,
Gather from thought's mysterious power,
The glory and the light of Love.

MUSIC.

A las aves sacaba de sus nidos,
Al hombre engañaba sus sentidos ;
A sus sonoras voces
Se amansaban los brutos mas feroces,
Y las mismas deidades elevadas
Quedaban con sus ecos encantadas.

CADALSO.

HARK ! on the evening air,
Swell tones of music's softest flow ;
It is not from the wind-harp's chords,
It seems the breathing, soft and low,
Of mystic and half-uttered words ;
As of some spirits' whispering there,
Upon their holy errands come,
From the flowers and streams of their glorious home.

Surely it tells
Of some far land, unnamed, unseen ;
As when across the prison gloom
Faint sun-rays, strayed from heaven, illumine
The spot where voiceless misery dwells ;
Or legends, mid earth's winter scene,
Of ever fadeless bloom and green.

Tones from some eventide,
And music from some far Utopian glen,
Where mind may read its mysteries beside
The waves that bear them to their source again :
Deep mysteries ! yet near and known
As childhood songs familiar grown ;
For the spirit's longings then
From the full fount of knowledge are supplied,
And the soul's thirst is satisfied.

Such, unforgot,
Delicious tone, descends from thee ;
And if thy voice ne'er breathe again,
And thou, with thy entrancing strain,
For earth thy melody awaken not,—

Yet will it o'er the spirit be
The spell of music's mastery.

Thou, ethereal !
Something too pure to linger here,
And like a spirit's voice,
That ere we hear it say—" Rejoice,
For the stars hold communion, and the sea,
Speaks with its breath of ages unto thee"—
It leaves the awakened heart to feel
Darksome and silent, as the sere,
Fast falling leaves of the passing year.

Breathe yet, breathe once again
To mortal ear that thrilling music note ;
Oh, if so seldom o'er the paths of earth,
With all their songs of sadness and of mirth,
There comes so soft, so sweet and wild a strain,
Oh bid the mystic murmurs float
Across my heart again !

NEW YEAR.

Thou merry year, thou merry year,
Good welcome now to thee,
And welcome to thy gladsome cheer,
And all thy hearty glee.

Thou art here, old Time, in birth-day guise,
Who wert so grave before,
And thine old visage smiles, till skies
With sunshine glow once more.

Methinks thou comest as Harlequin,
Robed so fantastic now,
To have seen thee in thy summer green,
We scarce could know 'twere thou.

Yet 'tis most exquisite and fair,
Yon dress of changing white,
That all thy forest children wear,
As for some festal night.

For all of earth is beautiful,
Where'er the blue skies shine,
From the rosy summer flowers we cull,
To the snow-wreath o'er the pine ;

The stream upon its gurgling way,
The willow shades above ;
The still noon of a summer day,
In some far, quiet grove ;

The blue waves' music on the strand,
When stars begin to glow ;
To the white glaciers that command
The embosomed vales below.

Then welcome, welcome, merry year,
Thou hast no gloom to-day,
But bright blue skies, and sunshine clear,
And joyous hearts at play.

Comes there a shade across the glee,
Dream of some treasure fled,—
Ah, who may tell how bitterly
Tears may have mourned the dead!

We will not bid the forms depart,
That rise to meet us here,
Each happy face, each loving heart,
Are they less fond or dear?

Then be life's hallowed memories yet
Twined with our present bliss,
And joy the heart can ne'er forget,
Mingle its light with this.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

Non in commotione Dominus ; et post commotionem ignis, non in igne Dominus ; et post ignem *sibilis aurae tenuis*. 3 Reg. 19.

THE broad earth trembled to its base beneath a frowning sky,
The winds of heaven were loosened for their Maker passing by,
The thunder-voice of the shrouded air broke o'er the darkened
spot,
But in the earthquake and the wind the Lord of Hosts was not.

Then the dark dome of heaven was lit with gleams of ruddy
light,
And fires that on its altar burn, blazed through the clouds of
night ;
The wide arch of the ether seemed with fiery embers hot ;
But in the lightning and the storm the Lord of Hosts was not.

Hushed was the moaning of the winds when the cradled earth
was riven ;

The lightnings in their far homes slept beyond the calm blue
heaven ;

Then came a soft and gentle tone across the quiet air,

The music of a still, small voice—the Lord of Hosts was
there !

THE DYING STRANGER.

THE sun was in the golden west,
How dim the eye that sought its glow,
How wan and weak the hand that press'd
Upon the fever-burning brow.

Yet beaming o'er the land he loved,
The glorious western land of light,
Well has that sunshine power proved
To stay his spirit from its flight.

Oh dying, dying!—with the breath
Of early spring-time on his brow,
With singing birds and flowers,—can death
With such blest things be present now?

And dying thus, alone, alone,
 With stranger-hands his couch to spread,
No heart to answer with his own
 The thrill, before its power were fled.

No heart with whom his own once more
 May seek each scene, beloved in vain,
And draw from memory's sacred store,
 The solace of its parting pain.

Yet not the less to hours gone by
 Flew the lost dove of his soul away ;
For darkness filled the o'ershadowing sky,
 And those far fields in sunshine lay.

And dreaming thus, the noble-hearted,
 The soldier-brothers true to death,
They are meeting now as when they parted,
 Life's hope mocking life's latest breath.

And they who with a gentler token
O'erspread earth's path with bloom and flowers,
The mother, sister,—had Love spoken
A fonder name in other hours?

Oh, shrined within his secret heart,
How was that early vision rife!
A glory and a gloom, a part
In every holiest thrill of life:

A sadness for the hour of glee,
A triumph for the hour of care,
And still in dreaming memory
The form its fairest visions wear.

Blest dream—the loved ones come to bless,—
No longer now to die alone;
His spirit feels in Love's caress
That Death's lone agony is gone.

TO A ROSE.

IN SICKNESS.

THOU hast left thy native air, sweet flower,
Thy native shine and shade,
And gems of the fresh fallen shower
Yet in thy leaves are laid.

And thou hast thy gifts of beauty given
Where the glad sun shineth not,
And the free and blessed breath of heaven
Doth shun the weary spot.

I see the flash of a golden ray,
The wave of a shadowy bough,
They in their glory are far away,
But thou art here even now.

Thou hast been in the light of thy home, sweet flower,
In the glow of the sunset clear ;
And the glory shed on thy natal bower,
Undimmed thou bringest it here.

Thou art love, that wastes life's precious bloom,
To charm a loving heart,
Thou art pity and hope, that cheer the gloom
Thou biddest not quite depart.

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

WHITHER now, oh noble Eagle,
 Stooping from the eyrie high?
Blood is on thy russet pinion,
 As it sweeps the southern sky.

Bloody red the downward shadow
 Flung across the vine and grove,
Where in hours of peace and safety
 Stood the homes of household love.

Where are they, the blest and blessing —
 On the breeze what echo comes?
Hark! the tramp of armed thousands
 O'er the shrine of peaceful homes.

Coldly, where the southern summer
Lights the verdure of the plain,
Lowly, by its bright-waved river
Lie the brave in battle slain.

Slain, their altars still defending,
Shielding home and loved ones yet ;
Woe, the hearts with anguish rending,—
Woe, the cheeks with hot tears wet!

Lofty Bird ! art thou still noble,
As in years of pride gone by—
Or forgettest thy high commanding,
For the carrion vulture's cry ?

Leads our armies still the crownless,
And the tyrant-scorning still,
Who through blood didst bear our banners
Up to Freedom's holy hill ?

Shame must never shade thy pinions,
Chains ne'er worn nor given by thee,
Homeward turn thee, Bird of glory,
Leaving still the free earth, free!

ODE

FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF UNION COLLEGE, 1845.

SHADE of each ever passing year,
Passing since old Creation's morn,
Dost thou not pause in thy career,
Dost thou not mark the half age gone?

Then would thy mystic accents yet
Breathe of the hope and strength and strife,
And all enduring faith, where met
The sternest in the toil of life :—

Where met and triumphed—by the power
Of high resolve, of purpose strong,
Wisdom and virtue, in no hour
Of soft delusion turned to wrong.

And thus all woes of life o'erpass'd,
By the endurance stronger still,
How nobly stood they, first and last,
Striving against the power of ill!

Such were the precepts of the Brave,
Who dwelt on Hæmus' mount* afar,
The lesson which of old he gave
To vanquish in contested war.

Far nobler is the battle-field
Of the deep-hidden strife of soul,
Where life's fierce wrongs are made to yield
To sacred wisdom's wide control.

What learned thy sons, oh Mother pure,
Thou Mother of their spirits here?
Ever to strive, hope, love, endure,
With not one coward thought of fear.

* Hæmus, a mountain in Thrace, was the dwelling-place of Mars.

The Sages are thy Oracle,
And from the lowly cares of dust,
They point toward the Beautiful,
For every high and holy trust.

The Beautiful!—Below, above,
Where'er is wisdom, power and good,
There dwells that fairest form of love,
Filling the wastes of solitude.

And still, with heart intent, to see
That spirit in all heaven and earth,
To find light, beauty, harmony,
In the celestial power of worth ;—

And thus to live, in freedom, peace,
Oh Mother blest, thy lessons run,
Unfaltering till the toil shall cease,
Still striving, loving, hoping on.

This is alone the life of life,
The being of all being,* given
To live, when yet this earthly strife
Ends in the free, wide course of heaven!

* "Ens entium."

ODE

SUGGESTED BY THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

FROM the ways of Science treading,
Through Creation's vast domains,
Paths still joined, and still far-spreading,
You are gathering once again.

O'er the trackless ocean wending,
O'er the mountain's craggy brow,
In the darksome mine descending,
Soaring where the planets glow ;

Each in solitude and silence,
In devotion's fervent sooth,
Toiling in the piecemeal labor
That uprears the fane of truth.

Toils that rule the fount's unsealing,
That redeems the earth from ills,
Even the word of God's revealing,
Written on the eternal hills ;—

On the flowers that fill the spring breeze
With their breath of rich perfume,
And the ancient palms and fern-trees
Buried in their rocky tomb ;—

Written on the million seeing,
Breathing creatures of to-day,
And each crushed and stone-cased being
Of the ages passed away ;—

In each drop of water seeming
Overbrimmed with trembling life,
And the snowy marl-dust teeming
With its tiny sea-shells rife.

Earth has not a cave or mountain,
Not a waste of desert lands,
Where ne'er burst the sparkling fountain,
Where no cheering home-hearth stands,

But the fervent child of nature
Rears the altar of his home,
Like the silent coral-builders
Mid the waste of Ocean's foam.

Toil unceasing, strength unsparing,
Fervent faith, and changeless will,
Still be yours, the martyr bearing,
And the soul undaunted still.

Then the mysteries of past ages
Spread unveiled before the eye,
Then Creation's storied pages
All revealed in glory lie.

POMPEY.

THOU conqueror of many lands!
How fate o'er earth and sea,
Gave triumph to thy soldier bands,
And scarce a grave to thee!

Yet once to thee had warrior men
So deep a homage given,
That mortals dared not claim thee then,
And deemed thee fallen from heaven.*

Oh, vainly rung the thousands' shout
Around thy victor car,
And vainly battle's trump breathed out
The music praise of war!

* Non ex hac urbe missum, sed de cælo delapsum intuentur.—*Cicero*.

The tried and true, oh, where are they,
The brave who stood by thee ?
Thy bosom, red Pharsalia,
Returns a deep reply.

Alas, that red Pharsalia,
The light of glory's crest,
Be but the gleaming beacon star
To point thy gory breast !

Not crimsoned in the gushing tide
Of battle's regal fray,
O'er the wide lands or waters wide
That owned thy mighty sway;—

Not in the ranks where victory
Her banners o'er thee spread,
And every pathway trod by thee
To crowns and triumphs led:—



WIMPEY

At 2 Ours, with but one Roman hour
Tends Ur funeral fire

Page 117

Nor hast thou lain as victor lies
 Upon a laurelled sword,
While fame re-echoes from the skies
 The dirge above him poured ;—

And not the plants of eastern lands
 Thy funeral pile has made,
Nor laurel wreaths by soldier hands
 Upon thy cold brow laid.

But o'er the earth and o'er the sea
 A voice still passes on,
Of death where erst was victory,
 And a mighty spirit gone!

And thou, with but one Roman heart
 Beside thy funeral fire,—
Thousands had in thy glory part,
 Why shared they not thy pyre?

And yet perchance it were not meet
Strengthless and low to be,
Mid crowds who once before thy feet
Were humbled suppliantly :—

And there was something in the tale
Borne on the hushed air then,
More fitting thee than even the wail
From lips of warrior men.

BRUTUS.

HE sat within his tent alone,
No slumber dimmed his eye,
While the signal lights of midnight shone
Upon the solemn sky,
The azure scroll, where uneffaced
The Roman's coming doom was traced.

But vain—those characters of flame
Reached not his solitude ;
No warning thence, no shadow came
Upon his musing mood,
Where memories thronged of glory won,
And deeds, the nobly dared and done.

But ever mid those triumphs past,
 Uprising from the tomb,
A phantom form of darkness cast
 Its shadow o'er the gloom,
That thick and imperturbable
Came o'er his spirit like a spell.

And still before his memory,
 In the damp midnight breath,
A form of regal majesty
 Unconquered even in death ;
And still in accents sad and low
Sounded the deep reproach—" And Thou !"*

While in the dim, uncertain light,
 Red gleamed the warrior's sword,
And on the dusky shades of night
 A lurid glory poured,
And the red rust on the strong blade stood,
Blood stained with more than foeman's blood !

* " Et tu, Brute !"

A trembling on the thick, chill air,
Like a leaden sea of death,—
And standing in the shadows there,
Was aught of life or breath?
A cold and quiet gleaming eye,
Severe in moveless majesty.

“I'll meet thee at Philippi!”—Came
A dimness o'er the eye,
A shudder o'er that warrior frame
Once nerved to see *him* die,—
Aye, nerved with strength to strike the blow
That laid yon haughty bosom low?

Strength for Philippi's blood-washed field,
Unquelled and sturdy heart,
From the stern spirit, triple-steeled,
All aims save one depart,—
The will to stand triumphantly,
Whether to vanquish or to die!

On the dim battle-eve again,
 In the hot battle's throng,
Amid the ranks of mailed men
 Passes the shade along,
And he who sees that eye of gloom
Reads in its gaze his coming doom.

VOICES.

It is breathing, it is breathing, from the earth and from the sea,
List to the spirit-music of a voice that speaks to thee ;
It is passing, it is passing, on the sunny brow of day,
Is the shadow of a dusky wing that bears thy life away.

It is gazing, it is gazing, from a starry eye of night,
There's a mystery thy soul may read within its living light ;
There's an earnestness and mournfulness that other eyes may
see,
But the reading and the meaning of its language is for thee !

"I am going, I am going, from the stars that round me beam,
Like a late, frail bud in autumn, like a shadow on the stream,
On my lost and darkened dwelling-place another ray may shine,
And the doom upon my light of life is speeding on to thine.

“ I am going from my lonely home with a dim and shrouded
brow,

And leave no shade mid the myriad stars that shine around
me now,

Then line by line my story read, for 'tis a prophecy,
And leaf by leaf the scroll unseal, for it only speaks of thee.

“ Now look on me, now look on me, my light is waning fast,
Thou wilt not see the last dim pall across its dying cast ;
For the shadow and the whisper, the warning and the sign,
That gather to my hour of death, are gathering to thine.

“ We are going, we are going, like a wild bird on the wing,
Like the sinking of a vision, like the sunset's coloring ;
Gaze thou upon my wasting life, and gaze upon thy heart,
And watch its surge and count its tides, for their guiding lights
depart !”

A HOME BY THE OCEAN SHORE.

GIVE me a home by the ocean shore,
Where the waves up-ripple o'er sand and shell,
And the murmuring echoes evermore
Still mingling ceaseless music, dwell.

Now rising and swelling their tones around,
Now far o'er the waters all softened come,
Gently the airy-winged spirits of sound
Pause, as over the waste they roam.

By the beach that stretches its glittering length,
For the chasing waves in their quiet play ;
By the rocks that stand in sturdy strength,
Dashing the crest of the waves away.

Weary as sea-bird's wing must be
If fettered it rest from the billow's strife,
Give me one look of the broad blue sea,
Give me one breath of its breeze for life.

SIR TOGGENBURG.

A Ballad

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

“KNIGHT! true sister-love for ever
Plights my heart to thee,
Other love I ask for never,
Yet 'tis grief to me.
Ever calm my heart appears,
Calm I see thee go,
Strangely seem thine eyes' still tears
That refuse to flow.”

And he hears with silent pain,—
Tears him from her side,
Clasps her in his arms again,
Mounts his horse to ride ;

Calls his men all, near and far,
In the Switz-land home,
To the Holy Sepulchre
With cross on breast to roam.

Mighty deeds were done, I ween,
By that hero's arm ;
Still his helmet's plume was seen
In the battle's swarm ;
And the Toggenburger's name
Was the Moorman's knell ;
Yet his heart's lone anguish, Fame
Had not power to quell.

He has borne it for a year,
He can bear no more,
Peace his sorrow finds not here,
And he leaves the war :
He saw a ship on Joppa's strand,
With its white sails spread,
And homeward sought the dear-loved land
Where the breezes led.



SIR T. OGENBURG

The Knight of the
Order of the Garter

At his ancient castle's entrance
Knocks the pilgrim low ;
Ah! and with a thunder-sentence
It is opened now :—
“ She you seek has taken the veil,
Is the bride of Heaven ;
Yestreen was the festival
When she to God was given.”

Then he quitted evermore
His ancestral home,
Donned his armor nevermore,
Left his steed to roam ;—
From the Toggenburger's court
He came down unknown,
For his noble limbs he sought
Hair-cloth garb alone.

And a little hut he rears,
Where the place he sees,
Where the cloister-wall appears,
Mid dark linden-trees :

Waiting from the morning-rise,
Till the evening shone,
Calm hope beaming in his eyes,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing to the cloister yonder,
Till the long day's close ;
Gazing to the loved one's window,
Till the window rose ;
Till the loved one came to meet him,
Till the dear face smiled,
Bending in her veil to greet him,
Calm and angel-mild.

Joyfully he laid him then,
In his hut to dream,
Still rejoicing when again
Morning's light would beam.
So he sat till many a summer,
Many a winter's close,
Waiting without pain or murmur,
Till the window rose :—

Till the loved one came to meet him,
Till the dear face smiled,
Bending in her veil to greet him,
Calm and angel-mild.
And so sat he there one morning,
Gone was life and breath,
Yet toward the window turning
Wistful looks in death.

NON OBLIVISCARIS !

I do not bid thee think of me when I have passed away,
I leave an impress in thy heart, to deepen day by day ;
I leave on every varied scene a token and a sign,
And the loneliest musings of thy soul must still be pledged to
mine.

Go wear the sunshine on thy brow, that gilds but nought
reveals,
The world has not a right to know the depths a heart conceals :
I do not fear the whispered scoff that says—‘ how soon forgot !’
I know that in thy heart of hearts thou canst forget me not.

I know that wheresoe’er thou art, the earth, and air, and sea,
Will one familiar language hold to speak to thee of me ;
I know that in their mingled tones one still will meet thy ear,
And tell thee that whate’er thy path, my spirit hovers near.

Go leave the scenes accustomed, for I know what grief
'twould be

To tread alone the self-same paths that I have trod with thee ;
To watch the flowers up-springing in each old familiar spot,
And think *thy* cherished flower of love earth holds to render
not!

Too much of loneliness will be even in each untried scene,
For not alone in garden walks our wanderings have been,
Where the high stars their pathway hold, there have our
spirits met,
And mid the stars thou canst not Love's companionship forget.

Wherever Nature speaks in words familiar to thy ear,
There has my listening spirit been the echoed tones to hear ;
And the music in my heart that woke and sounded back to
thee,
Will meet thee still in all thou readest of Nature's mystery.

And ever has my spirit dwelt communing still with thine,
And every lofty joy and hope have still been shared by mine ;

And Love's crushing cares and sorrows, that bow down the
heart to dust,
Have they not found their solace in Love's high and holy
trust ?

Still may Love's bidding presence be a gentle gift to thee,
And the words be all of peace and hope that mind thee still
of me ;
As linked with all Thought's holiest lights that round thy
future play,
The spirit of thy early love will not have passed away.

I go before thee, dearest, to the spirit-land of dreams,
Come to me by its pleasant walks and by its silver streams :
Or from the blessedness of heaven, my heart will even then
Yearn for the shadowed paths of earth to be with thee again.

SONGS.



SONG.

BY THE RED SUN GLEAMING.

By the red sun gleaming
In his crimson dye,
By the glory streaming
O'er the evening sky,
Thoughts and fancies onward sweeping
Where yon sunset rays lie sleeping,
To thy presence fly,
For the hour and the scene
Where together we have been.

We have watched together
Many an evening's close,
When the autumn weather
Shed its sweet repose ;

When the sunset soft and tender
Gathered from the noon its splendor,
Till the moon arose,
And the mingled day and night
Shone with too surpassing light !

Far apart and lonely
Each is gazing now,
Autumn's glories only
Shine with half their glow ;—
Till in distance and in dreaming,
We have met in Fancy's seeming,
Then the shadows grow
Beautiful once more and bright,
As the loved and olden light.

COME BACK.

COME, mine own love, come back to me,
For darksome and cold this world must be,
And the stars shine dim o'er a weary track,
When thou art away,—come back, come back!

There are flowerets near that speak of thee,
Though the buds have passed from the snow-white lea,
And the azure eye of the harebell sleeps,
Where over its couch the cold wind sweeps ;—

Though the charm has passed from the shadowy wood,
Its green, delicious solitude ;
And the summer light from the gladsome hill,
And its rustling leaves and its birds are still.

The gentle voice of the dark blue wave
Is hushed in the pall of its icy grave,
Yet ever I hear a melody,
As if a spirit sang to me.

A sigh floats in that music's strain,
Too sad for joy, too sweet for pain,
To shadow with care the lightsome glee,
Or charm the woe with thoughts of thee.

Then come, mine love, the stars burn clear,
And the heavens are bright when thou art near ;
But cold and dim, the starry light
Gleams like a lone watch-fire to-night.

Then come, mine love, the stars that glow,
Dim though they be o'er my wanderings now,
And the music that mingles o'er life's lone track,
All speak of thee—come back, come back !

SONG.

TONES OF DISTANT MUSIC BLENDING.

TONES of distant music, blending
With the sounds of ocean's swell,
Echoes o'er the still air sending,
Sweet as voice of vesper bell ;—

Shadows of the heart re-gather,
Dreams of loved, the parted long,
As the air-harp's tones awaken
With mysterious words of song.

Gleams of sunshine o'er the pathway
Of the spirit's earth-career,
Brightening still, or disappearing,
Changeful as the changing year ;

As the dim, gray light of morning
 Kindles into golden day,
Or the glow of evening twilight
 Coldly fades away—away!

FAREWELL.

THERE is light upon the summer-earth, and light upon the sky,
And summer's breath of sweetness floats like gathering in-
cense by ;

The stars are beaming calm and clear upon the heaven of blue,
And forest-flowers are shining in their robes of diamond dew.

And summer's thousand pleasant sounds of stream, and bird,
and bee,

Float o'er the still and dreamy air with mingled melody ;
And all is bright and beautiful, and all is glad and gay,
From the insect in the rose-leaf folds, to the wild bird on the
spray.

'Tis the same pictured loveliness as in long hours ago.—
There was joy in all its beauty then, why is there sadness now ?

A tone blends with its music, till it seems a muttered spell,
And the echo of that mystic voice is still the word—farewell !

I hear it in the moaning winds that through the forests go,
I hear it on the grassy shore where waters ebb and flow ;
And in the closing evening flower, and the shut lily's bell,
Is the lingering cadence of a word, the whisper of farewell.

And more—it passes onward, a shadow and a power,
To mingle with the sunniest light of many a future hour ;
And therefore is the sadness that clouds my brow to-day,
When comes that darksome spectre-thought, no joy can drive
 away.

SONG.

SOFTLY AS THE MOONBEAM.

SOFTLY as the moonbeam sleeping
On the summer streamlet's breast,
With the dark wood shadows keeping
Watch above its dreamy rest ;

Sweetly as those waters wending
Onward through the gloom and light,
With their music, homage sending
To the majesty of Night ;—

To the beauty and the glory
Living in each burning sphere,
Till we half believe the story
Of their rule o'er spirits here ;—

Thus—a holiest light is shining,
Does a breath of music move,
In the spell-touched heart enshrining
The divinity of Love.

All its tones of song are stealing,
Distant, dying, as they flow,
Echoes from its depths, revealing
The o'erfilled fount below.

By that hallowed altar dwelling,
In that fane of early truth,
Heart to listening heart is telling
The o'ercounted joys of youth.

Still the lulling breath of twilight
Soothes unquiet care to sleep,
Still the shining eyes of midnight
Vigils o'er its slumbers keep :

Nor awake those cares at dawning,
While Love's music charms to rest,
And the rosy glow of morning,
Still is like the moonlight blest.

LIFE'S EARLY DREAMS.

In the dim shadows of the evening sleeping,
In the white radiance of the clear moonlight,
And with the rapid waters onward sweeping,
Beneath the glory and the gloom of night ;—

In every ray that fills the twilight's gleaming,
In every breath that fans the evenset,
They live—the visions of life's early seeming,
In all their early light and beauty yet.

They live—but in the world of fairy lying,
Till wakened by the wizard touch of old ;
How to the magic power of song replying,
Their many-colored phantasies unfold !

They come—the halo of the sunset, wreathing
The ancient pine with glory not its own ;
While strains of long-remembered music breathing,
Life's early visions waken with their tone.

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22 June 1844

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